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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., OCTOBER 27, 1875.

NO. 43.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY SEPTIMA SASSAFRAS.

How wondrous are the changes, Jim,
Since forty years ago,
When gals were woolen dresses, Jim,
And boys wore pants of tow;
When shoes were made of calfskin
And socks of homespun wool,
And children did a half-day's work
Before the hour of school.

The girls took music lessons, Jim,
Upon the spinning-wheel.
And practiced late and early, Jim,
On spindle, swift, and reel;
The boys would ride back-to-mill
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some forty years ago.

The people rode to meeting, Jim,
In sleds instead of sleighs,
And wagons rode as easy, Jim,
As huggins now-a-days.
And oxen answered well for teams,
Though now they're too slow,
For people lived not half so fast,
Some forty years ago.

Well do I remember, Jim,
The Wilson patent stove,
That father bought and paid for, Jim,
In cloth our gals had wove;
And how the neighbors wondered
When we got the thing to go,
They said 'twould bust and kill us all,
Some forty years ago.

Yes, everything is different, Jim,
From what it used to be,
For men are always tampering, Jim,
With God's great natural laws;
But what on earth we're coming to—
Does anybody know?

For everything has changed so much,
Since forty years ago.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
Author of "Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty
Years After," "The Grand Duchess,"
"The Son of Africa," "Louise in
Valerie," "The Iron
Mask," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XI.

CORNELIUS VAN BAERL'S WILL.

Rosa had not been mistaken; the judges came on the following day to the Buitenhof, and proceeded with the trial of Cornelius Van Baerle. The examination, however, did not last long, it having appeared on evidence that Cornelius had written to his house that correspondence of the brothers De Wit with France.

He did not deny it.

The only point about which there seemed any difficulty was, whether this correspondence had been intrusted to him by his godfather Cornelius De Witte.

But as, since the death of the martyrs, Van Baerle had no longer any reason for withholding the truth, he not only did not deny that the parcel had been delivered to him by Cornelius De Witte himself, but he also stated all the circumstances under which it was done.

This confession involved the godson in the crime of the godfather; manifest complicity being considered to exist between Cornelius De Witte and Cornelius Van Baerle.

The honest doctor did not confine himself to this avowal, but told the whole truth with regard to his own tastes, habits, and daily life. He described his indifference to politics, his love of study, of the fine arts, of science, and of flowers. He explained that, since the day when Cornelius De Witte handed to him the seal at Dordt, he himself had never touched, nor even noticed it.

To this it was objected, that in this respect he could not possibly be speaking the truth, since the papers had been deposited in a press, in which both his hands and his eyes must have been engaged every day.

Cornelius answered that it was indeed so; that, however, he never put his hand into the press, but to ascertain whether his bulbs were dry, and that he never looked into it, but to see if they were beginning to sprout.

To this again it was objected, that his pretended indifference respecting this deposit was not to be reasonably entertained, as he could not have received such papers from the hand of his godfather without being made acquainted with their important character.

He replied that his godfather Cornelius loved him too well, and, above all, that he was too considerate a man to have communicated to him anything of the contents of the parcel, well knowing that such a confidence would only have caused anxiety to him who received it.

To this it was objected, that if De Witte had wished to act in such a way, he would have added to the parcel, in case of accidents, a certificate, setting forth that his godson was an entire stranger to the nature of this correspondence, or at least he would, during his trial, have written a letter to him, which might be produced as his justification.

Cornelius replied, that undoubtedly his Godfather could not have thought that there was any risk for the safety of his deposit, hidden as it was in a press, which was looked upon as sacred as the tabernacle by the whole household of Van Baerle; and that, consequently, he had considered the certificate as useless. As to a letter, he certainly had some remembrance that some moments previous to his arrest, while he was absorbed in the

contemplation of one of the rarest of his bulbs, John De Witte's servant entered his dry room, and handed to him a paper, but the whole was to him only like a vague dream; the servant had disappeared, and as to the paper, perhaps it might be found, if a proper search were made.

As far as Creake was concerned, it was impossible to find him, as he had left Holland. The paper also was not very likely to be found, and no one gave him the trouble to look for it.

Cornelius listened to the sentence with an expression rather of surprise than of sadness.

"Indeed, I have not," he replied. "Only I confess that among all the causes of death, against which a cautious man may guard, I should never have supposed this to be comprised."

On this answer, the Recorder saluted Van Baerle, with all that consideration which such functionaries generally bestow upon great criminals of every sort.

But whilst he was about to withdraw, Cornelius asked, "By-the-by, Mr. Recorder, what day is the thing—you know what I mean—to take place?"

"Well, to-day," answered the Recorder, a little surprised by the self-possession of the condemned man.

Cornelius did not accept of the hypocritical protection, and in a last answer, which he set forth with the noble bearing of a martyr, and the calm serenity of a righteous man, he said.

"You ask me things, gentlemen, to which I can answer only the exact truth. Hear it. The parcel was put in my hands, in the way I have described. I vow before God, that I was, and am still ignorant of its contents, and that it was not until my arrest that I learned that this deposit was the correspondence of the Grand Pensionary with the Marquis de Louvois. And, lastly, I vow and protest, that I do not understand how any one should have known that this parcel was in my house; and, above all, how can I be deemed criminal for having received what my illustrious and unfortunate godfather brought to my house."

This was Van Baerle's whole defence, after which the judges began to deliberate on the verdict.

They considered that every offshoot of civil discord is mischievous, because it revives the contest which it is the interest of all to put down.

One of them, who bore the character of a profound observer, laid down his opinion that this young man, so phlegmatic in appearance, must in reality be very dangerous, as, under this icy exterior, he was sure to conceal an ardent desire to revenge his friends the De Witte.

Another observed, that the love of tulips agreed perfectly well with that of politics, and that it was proved in history that many very dangerous men were engrossed in gardening, just as it had been their profession, whilst really they occupied themselves with perfectly different concerns; witness Tarquin the Elder, who grew poppies at Gabii, and the Great Conde, who watered his carnations in the dungeon of Vincennes, at the very moment when the former meditated his return to Rome, and the latter his escape from prison.

The judge summed up with the following dilemma:

"Either Cornelius Van Baerle is a great lover of tulips, or a great lover of politics; in either case he has told us a falsehood, first, because he having occupied himself with politics is proved by the letters which were found at his house; and secondly, because he having occupied himself with tulips is proved by the bulbs, which leave the memory of the case. Cornelius Van Baerle was concerned in the growing of tulips, and in the pursuit of politics at one and the same time, the prisoner is of hybrid character, of an amphibious organization, working with equal ardor at politics and at tulips, which proves him to belong to the class of men most dangerous to public tranquillity, and shows a certain, or rather a complete, analogy between his character, and that of those master minds, of which Tarquin the Elder and the Great Conde have been felicitous quoted as examples."

The upshot of all these reasonings was, that his Highness, the Prince-Statesholder of Holland, would feel infinitely obliged to the magistracy of the Hague, to live must be a great Sybarite, still to want anything, my dear Rosa."

"The clergyman who they have proposed to you?"

"I have worshipped God all my life, I have worshipped Him in His works, and praised Him in His decrees. I am at peace with Him, and do not wish for a clergyman. The last thought which occupies my mind, however, has reference to the glory of the Almighty, and indeed my dear, I should ask you to help me in carrying out this last thought."

"What can I do for you, for you I mean?"

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"Oh, Myneher Cornelius, speak, speak!" exclaimed Rosa, still bathed in tears.

"Give me your hand, and promise me not to laugh, my dear child!"

"Laugh," exclaimed Rosa, frantic with grief, "laugh at this moment! but do you not see my tears?"

"Rosa, you are no stranger to me. I have not seen much of you, but that little is enough to make me appreciate your character. I have never seen a woman more fair or more pure than you are, and if from this moment I take no more notice of you, forgive me; it is only because, on leaving this world, I do not wish to have any further regret."

A supplementary clause was tacked to the sentence, to the effect that, "the aforesaid Cornelius Van Baerle should be led from the prison of the Buitenhof, and convicted, for having, under the innocent appearance of a tulip-fancier, participated in the detectable intrigues and abominable plots of the brothers De Wit against Dutch nationality, and in their secret relations with their French enemy."

The Recorder of the States came to read the sentence to him.

Master Gryphus was detained in bed by the fever caused by the fracture of his arm. His keys passed into the hands of one of his assistants. Behind this turnkey, who introduced the Recorder, Rosa, the fair Frisian maid, had slipped into the recess of the door, with a handkerchief to her mouth to stifle her sobs.

Cornelius listened to the sentence with an expression rather of surprise than of sadness.

After the sentence was read, the Recorder asked him whether he had any thing to answer.

"Indeed, I have not," he replied. "Only I confess that among all the causes of death, against which a cautious man may guard, I should never have supposed this to be comprised."

The judges wished to make it appear as though they wanted to urge Cornelius to make a better defence; they displayed that benevolent patience, which is generally a sign of the magistrates being interested in the prisoner: or of a man's having so completely got the better of his adversary, that he needs no longer any oppressive means to ruin him.

Cornelius did not accept of the hypocritical protection, and in a last answer, which he set forth with the noble bearing of a martyr, and the calm serenity of a righteous man, he said.

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ed these words the belfry clock of the Buitenhof struck eleven.

Cornelius understood her. "Yes, yes, let us make haste," he said, "you are right Rosa."

Then, taking the paper with the three suckers from his breast, where he had again put it, since he had no longer any fear of being searched, he said, "My dear girl, I have been very fond of flowers. That was at a time when I did not know that there was anything else to be loved. Don't blush, Rosa, nor turn away; and even if I were making you a declaration of love, alas! poor dear, it would be of no more consequence. Down there in the yard, there is an instrument of steel, which in sixty minutes will put an end to my boldness. Well! Rosa, I love flowers dearly, and I have found, or at least I believe so, the secret of the grand black tulip, which it has been considered impossible to grow, and for which, as you know, or may not know, a prize of a hundred thousand guilders has been offered by the Haarlem Society, requesting that she may be paid the same sum in my stead, as my sole heiress, under the only condition of her marrying a respectable young man of about my age, who loves her, and whom she loves, and of her giving the black tulip, which will constitute a new species, the name of 'Rosa Buitenhofensis,' that is to say, 'Rosa of Buitenhof.'

The agony of the poor girl almost overpowered her.

"Do you accept my conditions?" asked the prisoner, with a melancholy smile, kissing the trembling hands of the afflicted girl.

"Oh, I don't know, sir," she stammered.

"You don't know, child, and why not?"

"Because there is one condition which I am afraid I cannot keep."

"Which? I should have thought that all was settled between us."

"You give me the hundred thousand guilders as a marriage-portion, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And under the condition of marrying a man whom I love?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, sir, this money cannot belong to me—I shall never love any one, neither shall I marry."

And, after having with difficulty uttered these words, Rosa almost swooned away in the violence of her grief.

Cornelius, frightened at seeing her so pale and sinking, was going to take her in his arms, when a heavy step, followed by other dismal sounds, was heard on the staircase, amidst the continued barking of the dog.

"They are coming to fetch you

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers
JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 27, 1875.

THE FRANKFORT TRAGEDY.
A Lexington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial furnishes that paper with a history of the murder of **SOLON P. SHARP** by **JEREBOAM O. BEAUCHAMPE**, at Frankfort, on the night of November 6, 1825. This history, while in the main correct, is erroneous in several essential particulars, as is shown by the testimony in the case, which was afterwards published in pamphlet form. The true chronicle of the tragedy runs thus:

SOLON P. SHARP—who was killed in his thirty-eighth year—was a very popular man in the State, who (lacking the substantial elements of real greatness) was possessed of those superficial qualities that the shrewd demagogue often artfully parades before the unthinking crowd as the gifts of heaven-bestowed genius, had served several terms in the Legislature, two terms in Congress, and at the time of his death was again a member of the Legislature. His brilliancy was that of paste-diamond compared to that of the genuine precious stone, yet the eyes of the people could not detect the cheat. He was a man whose intellectual and moral qualities were subordinated to his beastly nature and lustful passions.

He had, among other serious offenses against decency, wrought the ruin—under promise of marriage—of a young lady of good family in Lincoln county, named **ANN ELIZA COOK**. Subsequently young **BEAUCHAMPE**, who had just entered upon the practice of the law, met Miss Cook, was charmed by her loveliness, and made honorable suit to her for her hand. She recoiled from the idea of uniting her tarnished name to that of an honorable man, and though her lover's appearance and devotion was not without effect upon her heart, she declined his proposals. He persevered and forced from her the acknowledgment that his passion was reciprocated, but plead that there was an impossible bar to their union. He insisted upon knowing what it was that stood between them, and declared—after the manner of all balked lovers—that he would perform impossibilities but he would overcome the obstacle. Finally he prevailed, and she confessed the wrong **Col. SHARP** had inflicted upon her. And here the Commercial's correspondent interpolates the novelist's—**G. P. R. JAMES** and **W. GILMORE SIMS**, both of whom wrote romances founded upon the tragedy, **SIMS**' story being a pretty close imitation of that of the English writer, which appeared first—creation of a moonlight scene wherein, for the young lady's hand, **BEAUCHAMPE** pledged himself to take **SHARP**'s life. Nothing of the kind occurred. He absolved her of fault, in that she was the victim of a villain, and again offered her his hand. She accepted, and they were married, and they settled down to married life of apparent content if not actual happiness. There was nothing to show that they ever wasted a thought on **SHARP**, until in the last race **SHARP** ran, and only a few months before his murder, his opponent charged upon him the seduction of Miss Cook. This **SHARP** denied, and brazenly asserted from the stump that the child of the wronged woman was of negro parentage on the father's side. This came to the ears of the young couple, and then it was that the indignant husband left his home with the avowed intention of maiming **SHARP** at the slanderous words, acknowledge the wrong he had done the lady, or take his life.

As he had to ride to Frankfort on horseback, it took him several days to reach there from his home. It was about the middle of the afternoon when he arrived, and after putting up his animal and changing his clothing, he took his pistol from his saddlebags, secured it about his person, and sought the defamer, whom he found in the public-room of the Weisiger Hotel. Approaching him **BEAUCHAMPE** told him who he was and the object of his journey, at the same time producing his pistol and giving him choice between a public acknowledgment then and there of having villainously slandered a deserving young woman he had wronged, or a violent death on the spot. **SHARP** then fell upon his knees and begged for his life, confessing his wrong towards Miss Cook, and acknowledging that he had slandered her when he stated that she had given birth to a negro child. **BEAUCHAMPE** had in one hand the cowhide he had used in his journey, and with this he held, and, not content with that, would have struck the kneeling wretch several times upon the back and shoulders. He then turned upon his heel, left the hotel, and went to the house where he had stopped. Next morning, hearing nothing from **SHARP**, he left Frankfort and returned to his home.

I heard so much talk when I first arrived here of freedom, equality, and rights of man, that I actually began to think I had a verity arrived in the paradise of earthly perfection. But, after associating with the people for a few weeks, the scales dropped from my eyes and I saw the real state of things with a different vision.

Society is about the same here as in any other country, and instead of every man being on a footing of equality, I find their exists as many different castes among those free American citizens as you can find amongst the natives of Hindooostan. Every grade of society associates with those of the same order, and thus it is only in imagination that all their boasted equality exists.

The aristocracy of the cities look down on the toilers of the country with a good deal more of contempt than the boastful aristocrat of England looks from his pedestal of Normal blood on poor Hodge, who is condemned to wear out his hard life to keep my lord on that same pedestal.

Another curious trait of Americans are their farming servility to those sprigs of royalty that time and again honor them with their presence. Boasting a strictly republican government, whose object is to teach the people the lesson of kingly hatred, the incongruity of this is glaring to a stranger. Only a few months since the King of the Canibal Islands, a savage that rules some islands lying somewhere in the Pacific ocean, took a notion to visit the United States. Although only a savage, he was of royal blood, and there seems to be an infatuation about this that no American can withstand. He was feted and feasted in every city at the expense of the civil governments, and the homage thus paid to a savage monarch by a free people appeared to the uninterested stranger disgusting in the extreme. I am told the heir to the throne of Russia visited this country some time ago, and those proud lovers of freedom cringed and flattered this soon-to-be autocrat to such an extent that he got disgusted and ashamed of them himself, and there is no knowing where it would have ended, had not some of the more patriotic journals put a stop to it by holding up to ridicule the idiotic baseness of the upper strata of American society.

I will conclude for the present by praying Allah to preserve you.

ALI BEN HAMAD.
LETTER FROM AN EGYPTIAN.
FRIEND MEHEMUT:—Education although very young in this country, is making rapid strides toward civilizing the lower classes. Schools have sprung up on every hand, where the children of the poorer classes can receive the rudiments of a common English education, free of charge.

Although doing so much good, this common school system has its disadvantages also. In the first place it has created a host of hungry office holders, who, as in everything else in this country, take advantage of their position to make all they can out of it. The county Commissioner of Education has the power to dictate what books must be used in the schools under his charge. These books are published by different publishing establishments, and cases have come to light where the County Commissioner has been heavily bribed to introduce the books of one establishment to the disadvantage of others just as good. Thus putting the poorer classes to unnecessary expense, but at the same time filling his own pockets with the proceeds of this nefarious transaction.

Another thing that produces untold miseries to the community is the licensed sale of intoxicating drinks. Would you believe it, friend Mehemut, in this country where men boast of freedom from all kinds of tyranny, is tolerated one of the greatest despots that earth ever produced?—this tyrant is Rum, and his slaves are innumerable. In every little town, village or city, he has his temples, where wretches in the form of men preside as his priests, dealing out to their votaries a poison more deadly in its effects than the bite of the poisonous adder, maddening men's brains, causing murder, rapine and misery, making children fatherless and mother's childless, and this evil is not only tolerated but fostered by this Christian government. The men who preside over those temples of iniquity are, as a general rule, men lost to all sense of pity, and grown altogether callous to the miseries they daily inflict on their fellow men. I have known cases where the poor wretches who had hung around one of those dens of iniquity until his money was all gone, was told to leave, and on his refusing to do so, was kicked out by the brute that presided over the den, and actually perished from exposure to the terrible cold he was forced to endure; and the whisky seller went scot-free, and was respected as before by those proud Sons of Liberty. Oh, for the bastinado, and willing hands to use it on the arena of the amphitheatre the wildest enthusiasm in all my life, as I saw manifested on that day. It was generally understood that Hon. Jefferson Davis was to make a speech at the fair grounds on that day. When he entered the arena of the amphitheatre the wildest enthusiasm was the signal. While thousands of every age, and vocation were gathering around the hero, cheering before they return.

LETTER FROM FORDSVILLE.
DIXON, KY., Oct. 17.
EDITOR HERALD:—Seeing in the last issue of the HERALD, that you have added to your list a few correspondents from other portions of the State, and that you desired to increase the list, I have decided to give you an occasional sketch from this part of the State. I believe it is a generally conceded fact that Dixon is one of the prettiest and most healthful places in South-western Kentucky. There are between five and six hundred inhabitants within the corporate limits of the town. There are eight dry goods stores, three groceries, two drug stores, two hotels, four blacksmith shops, and one tin shop, the latter is kept by Squire Maury, formerly of your town. But, best of all, there is not a grog shop in the place; consequently, we stand aloof from many of those demoralizing influences incidental to most towns. Not a drop of whisky can be had at either of the drug stores without first obtaining a written prescription from some practicing physician. The "Local Option" question was submitted to a vote of the town a year ago last August, which resulted in its favor. Last August the same question was submitted to the whole precinct, and was voted in its effects than the bite of the poisonous adder, maddening men's brains, causing murder, rapine and misery, making children fatherless and mother's childless, and this evil is not only tolerated but fostered by this Christian government. The men who preside over those temples of iniquity are, as a general rule, men lost to all sense of pity, and grown altogether callous to the miseries they daily inflict on their fellow men. I have known cases where the poor wretches who had hung around one of those dens of iniquity until his money was all gone, was told to leave, and on his refusing to do so, was kicked out by the brute that presided over the den, and actually perished from exposure to the terrible cold he was forced to endure; and the whisky seller went scot-free, and was respected as before by those proud Sons of Liberty. Oh, for the bastinado, and willing hands to use it on the arena of the amphitheatre the wildest enthusiasm was the signal. While thousands of every age, and vocation were gathering around the hero, cheering before they return.

On Friday the 8th inst. I was in attendance at the Hopkinsville fair. It was a great day. There were not less than 10,000 people on the grounds, most of whom were from different portions of Western Kentucky. I don't think I ever witnessed as much enthusiasm in all my life, as I saw manifested on that day. It was generally understood that Hon. Jefferson Davis was to make a speech at the fair grounds on that day. When he entered the arena of the amphitheatre the wildest enthusiasm was the signal. While thousands of every age, and vocation were gathering around the hero, cheering before they return.

There are other evils tolerated in the community, but I will pass them over as being too numerous to record, and go on to the social state of this strange people.

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Society is about the same here as in any other country, and instead of every man being on a footing of equality, I find their exists as many different castes among those free American citizens as you can find amongst the natives of Hindooostan. Every grade of society associates with those of the same order, and thus it is only in imagination that all their boasted equality exists.

The aristocracy of the cities look down on the toilers of the country with a good deal more of contempt than the boastful aristocrat of England looks from his pedestal of Normal blood on poor Hodge, who is condemned to wear out his hard life to keep my lord on that same pedestal.

Another curious trait of Americans are their farming servility to those sprigs of royalty that time and again honor them with their presence. Boasting a strictly republican government, whose object is to teach the people the lesson of kingly hatred, the incongruity of this is glaring to a stranger. Only a few months since the King of the Canibal Islands, a savage that rules some islands lying somewhere in the Pacific ocean, took a notion to visit the United States. Although only a savage, he was of royal blood, and there seems to be an infatuation about this that no American can withstand. He was feted and feasted in every city at the expense of the civil governments, and the homage thus paid to a savage monarch by a free people appeared to the uninterested stranger disgusting in the extreme. I am told the heir to the throne of Russia visited this country some time ago, and those proud lovers of freedom cringed and flattered this soon-to-be autocrat to such an extent that he got disgusted and ashamed of them himself, and there is no knowing where it would have ended, had not some of the more patriotic journals put a stop to it by holding up to ridicule the idiotic baseness of the upper strata of American society.

I will conclude for the present by praying Allah to preserve you.

ALI BEN HAMAD.
LETTER FROM DIXON.
DIXON, KY., Oct. 17.
EDITOR HERALD:—Seeing in the last issue of the HERALD, that you have added to your list a few correspondents from other portions of the State, and that you desired to increase the list, I have decided to give you an occasional sketch from this part of the State. I believe it is a generally conceded fact that Dixon is one of the prettiest and most healthful places in South-western Kentucky. There are between five and six hundred inhabitants within the corporate limits of the town. There are eight dry goods stores, three groceries, two drug stores, two hotels, four blacksmith shops, and one tin shop, the latter is kept by Squire Maury, formerly of your town. But, best of all, there is not a grog shop in the place; consequently, we stand aloof from many of those demoralizing influences incidental to most towns. Not a drop of whisky can be had at either of the drug stores without first obtaining a written prescription from some practicing physician. The "Local Option" question was submitted to a vote of the town a year ago last August, which resulted in its favor. Last August the same question was submitted to the whole precinct, and was voted in its effects than the bite of the poisonous adder, maddening men's brains, causing murder, rapine and misery, making children fatherless and mother's childless, and this evil is not only tolerated but fostered by this Christian government. The men who preside over those temples of iniquity are, as a general rule, men lost to all sense of pity, and grown altogether callous to the miseries they daily inflict on their fellow men. I have known cases where the poor wretches who had hung around one of those dens of iniquity until his money was all gone, was told to leave, and on his refusing to do so, was kicked out by the brute that presided over the den, and actually perished from exposure to the terrible cold he was forced to endure; and the whisky seller went scot-free, and was respected as before by those proud Sons of Liberty. Oh, for the bastinado, and willing hands to use it on the arena of the amphitheatre the wildest enthusiasm was the signal. While thousands of every age, and vocation were gathering around the hero, cheering before they return.

On Friday the 8th inst. I was in attendance at the Hopkinsville fair. It was a great day. There were not less than 10,000 people on the grounds, most of whom were from different portions of Western Kentucky. I don't think I ever witnessed as much enthusiasm in all my life, as I saw manifested on that day. It was generally understood that Hon. Jefferson Davis was to make a speech at the fair grounds on that day. When he entered the arena of the amphitheatre the wildest enthusiasm was the signal. While thousands of every age, and vocation were gathering around the hero, cheering before they return.

tion; at the same time the warmest sympathy for Mr. Davis was clearly manifest in every countenance. A more feeling reception was never witnessed before; that that which was extended to Mr. Davis. In a few minutes he was on the stand; and after a moments pleasant conversation, at the same time smoking a cigar, the President of the Fair Association introduced him. Breathless silence reigned as he stepped forward and bowed to the audience in front of him, again the air was rent with hooray acclamations; he then bowed to those on his right, and so all the way round. He then began, but I shall not attempt to give any part of his speech; but I must say, I never heard any thing to equal it. He is 67 years old, was born in Christian county, of which Hopkinsville is the county seat. I confess I was disappointed in the personal of the leader of the "Lost Cause." He is of medium height, and his weight I guess is about 130 pounds. Notwithstanding he is erect, and his voice still strong; yet his face tells the sad fate of the confederacy. He has a finely developed forehead, but it seemed to me that I could read from the deep furrows in his face, many a sad tale of the past, and that he had undergone much mental trouble. He is indeed an orator. There was much pathos in the first part of his speech, but the remainder was calm, forcible and eloquent. At the close of his remarks he gave a touching tribute to Breckinridge, which again filled the air with responsive cheers. As he left the stand the same enthusiasm prevailed that did as he came in.

NIEMAND.

FROM BEAVER DAM.
BEAVER DAM KY., Oct. 26.
Very little business was done in town last week, owing to the fact that most of our citizens were in attendance at Quarterly court, one half of the town was trying to make the other pay another man's debts, but the would-be force party had to pay the costs.

There is much complaint from the mining companies that they cannot get half enough coal to ship the coal they sell; it is to be hoped speedy arrangements will be perfected to supply the demand.

We listened to a fine sermon delivered by Rev. W. W. Cook, at Liberty, last Sunday, he held his audience spell-bound for nearly an hour by his eloquent remarks. His sermon seemed to meet general approbation, we trust his ministerial duties on this circuit will be of lasting benefit. In the afternoon the choir met and sang some beautiful pieces of music. We acquired for the benefit of "Ali Ben Hassau," if any of the ladies had the headache so he could inform his friend "Mehemut" of the state of affairs in this heathen land, but we could not find single person so afflicted. I trust in his letter on the "evils and good of society," he will use that Cayneville mud-hole for an illustration.

What has become of "R" did spelling "vocabulary of language" choke him, or has he got the "shakes?" A lady while riding through the woods on Sunday remarked that she would like to see some poetry on leaves that "lie dark and dead," won't "Roblew" write it for her?

Colonel McLeod of Louisville, was in town last Sunday.

Dr. G. F. Mitchell, has an attack of typhoid fever.

John Conner, running as baggage master on the West-bound train due here at 11:05, p. m. fell from the car door as the train was nearing this point last night and was killed. It is supposed he was asleep, and when the whistle blew he jumped up with lantern in hand and in his hurry, fell from the car door. He was a resident of Cecilian junction.

JUNO.

LETTER FROM FORDSVILLE.
FORDSVILLE, KY., Oct. 23.
EDITOR HERALD:—It has been some time since I undertook to write anything from this part of the moral vineyard. I have nothing of importance to write now, but will give you the crop items! The corn crop is very good on up land; but the tobacco crop has turned out better than the planters at first anticipated, though they do not think there will be over one-half of a crop.

The probability is that it will be light, and by deducting the amount destroyed by the flood of July and August, and also the loss by light weight, I think the above estimate about correct.

Weddings have been the order of the day for the last two weeks; Illymen has been doing his duty in this section.

Our young friends John M. Johnson and William L. Smith have gone on a pleasure trip to Bowling Green, and contemplate visiting the Mammoth cave before they return.

AGRICOLA.

THE CROW HOUSE.

Opposite the Courthouse
HARTFORD, KY.

JOHN S. VAUGHN
Purveyor.
Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

STAGE LINE.

Mr. Vaughn will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the L. P. & S. & W. rail road. Passengers set down wherever they desire.

Primary \$100.00 Higher English, \$25.00
Junior \$15.00 Lower, \$10.00
Incidental fee, to be paid in advance, \$1.00

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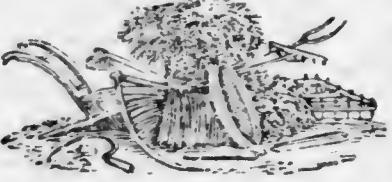
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THE HERALD.



AGRICULTURAL.

Granger Politics.

The Order of Patrons of Husbandry is now one of the greatest powers on the American Continent. When it first began to attract attention, it was thought unworthy of any serious notice. Jeers and ridicule were deemed fully equal to its destruction, and when it began to be evident that, regardless of these, it was growing at a rate astonishingly rapid, the enemies wheeled about, and sought consolation in what they supposed to be analogy. Said they, "The Grange organization grows too quickly to stand long. It is mushy in character; it springs up in a night, and in a like manner will pass away." This is a fair sample of what we have heard people say. The cause for the Grange movement was deep-rooted and long standing, though very little noticed. The farmers felt that they were placed at a disadvantage, and various ineffectual attempts were made from time to time, to give agriculture a good chance to succeed as the sister arts. At last the day dawned for the production of a man capable of giving practical expression to a plan that would procure for agriculture the place of honor to which this purest and best of all callings is entitled.

And, before we pass on, we have one thing to say. It is the reproach of the world, that its greatest benefactors often suffer neglect. Let the farmers see that this does not happen to the men that project the organization that is going to make agriculture answer to the description of Washington, when he called it the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of man.

And this Order, to which all, who have been enriching themselves at the expense of agriculture, look with no ordinary solicitude, not a plant suited to the soil of the East. Its proper home is in the West and South. There are some sections in the East where it can grow, but not many. The farmers of an old and thickly settled country do not need a combination to enable them to procure their rights.

If, in England, labor was scarce, Trade's Unions among the mechanical classes, as a protection against the tyranny of capital, would be unknown.

And, similarly, if the farmers of the South and West had a home market—had big cities filled with people to consume everything they can raise so that there would be no surplus to transport to a distance—they would not be compelled to unite for the purpose of procuring justice. A farmer near New York or Boston has no earthly cause for complaint. He can take his produce right to the door of the consumer, and get as much as any middleman who procures his supplies from other sections, and who to the first ent has to add that of transportation as well as something to repay him for his own trouble.

It is therefore quite evident that the establishment of Granges, or something of the same sort, was a necessity for the States over which it has spread. And the Order will exist just as long as it can do good, and no longer. A thing that subserves no honest purpose will not be sustained.

And so ridicule has failed, the mushroom story is getting stale, and the enemies of the Grange movement are trying to frighten the country by raising the cry of politics. It would be terrible for the patrons to put even their little finger on such a thing—wouldn't it? If those who are trying to get up an excitement by an agitation of this aspect of the case, will just tell what in their opinion what the Grangers ought to, and what they ought not to think about, it will be the easiest thing in the world to determine as to the justness of the charges introduced in this connection.

No man in the name of the Grange, and as a Granger, can have anything whatever to do with party politics. But politics pure and simple—the great questions that bear directly on the pockets of us all—and party politics, are two different things. This is an idea which the trained and cunning demagogue of both political parties does not want the farmer to understand. We have said that the Grange movement is especially adapted to the South and West, but we do not mean that it has anything sectional about it, or that it carries into its counsels any memories of the war. Not at all. It puts behind it everything of that sort, and would have its members press on to the great industrial conquests of the future. It wants to see the resources of this glorious country developed. In this way,

every means that can assist in reaching such a splendid end, becomes a legitimate subject for the Grange to discuss; in this way, politics—or if you prefer it, political economy—but not party politics, will occupy the intelligent Patron's thoughts.—*Farmers' Home Journal.*

Woman on the Farm.

The following sensible article is from that sensible farmers' paper, the *Wes-tico Rural*: There is no position connected with farming that requires one to be so instant in thought, in season and out of season, as that of the housewife. When cooking, she must have her thoughts revolving at the rate of three hundred revolutions in the minute, as some of the numerous irons are sure to burn. Those irons, that roasting coffee and numerous other things, must be attended to at the right moment, or we sit down to burned cake, cold coffee, or a dish of pork and beans burned nearly to a cinder.

How's this? Well, she has so much to do, so many irons in the fire, and, without, has been a little careless. How could it be otherwise? Just a little carelessness on her part is sure to bring her to grief, and her husband to burn her spoiled victuals, and to drink black swill and call it coffee.

A good housewife must have her wits about her all the time, or the leakage from the kitchen will materially diminish the profits of the farm. Bits of meat, bread, cake and pie, which could be just as well saved, are carelessly thrown away. In the course of a year, could they be placed in a pile, they would greatly astonish the cook, and account for the hundred dollars deficit in the farmer's calculations.

A stream of small things daily pouring from the kitchen in a year's time would swell into a small brook, which would prattle of carelessness and waste, and kindly teach a valuable lesson to all who would deign to listen.

The swill barrel is the key that opens the secrets of the housewife's dominions of cookery. If in the heterogeneous mass are floating liberal quantities of bread and cake, pudding and pie, potatoes and meat, it is ominous of carelessness and unthinking waste. What is thrown into the hopper by the provident hand of the farmer, passes over the tail-board of the kitchen into that ominous gathering, the swill barrel, and the dollars that should go to clothe herself and children, are swallowed up in the greasy waters of that open-mouthed catch-all.

Farmers, make the start now; secure good Durham bull, and perhaps one or two heifers, and when you once become acquainted with the merits of the Short Horns, you will wonder why people will continue to raise scrub stock, and you will also be convinced that farmers can't afford to raise scrub stock on farm lands worth from fifty to seventy-five dollars per acre.

Most farmers recognize the importance of having improved breeds of hogs, as no one would think of feeding corn to the old long legged breeds; and what is true of hogs is true of sheep and cattle, and even of horses—that the money is made out of the better class of stock, while commoner stock little more than pays the expenses of raising. Farmers, get good stock, and with good care make the best investment for money.

...

A Few Sheep on the Farm.
The relative profit is much greater, says the American Rural Home, from a small flock than a large one. The grain farmer, no matter how few his acres, can make money by keeping a few sheep. There is always room for them somewhere, and they consume and turn into money food that otherwise would waste.

But he must be careful not to overstock. To illustrate: Suppose the farmer cultivate only eighty acres, raising grain chiefly. He keeps a few cows and the necessary teams. One-fifth meadow; one planted, one spring grain, and one wheat. He thinks he has as much stock as he can profitably keep, but if he puts on one sheep to every five acres he will find their products clear gain. In the spring, early, they can run on the sod which is to be planted, and one sheep to each acre will not hurt the field, and, yet they will live well. After that they can go into the pasture, and will glean after the cattle to advantage. A run on the stubble after harvest will not be felt where each sheep has two acres, and in the fall there is plenty of feed.

Through the winter they can be well kept, in what the other stock would not consume, with the addition of a little grain. Probably the most profitable sheep are of the coarse wool mutton breeds. Their lambs sell to butchers for high prices, and when fat will have much the advantage over the one who plows only four or five inches; the former soil would not become exhausted so quickly, and it would stand much better. If the soil is shallow, then you can improve upon nature, and make it more fertile by gradually plowing deeper.

If the roots or plants incline to go down after fertilizing material, and moisture in time of drought, sound

reason teaches that by stirring the soil

thoroughly and deeply we shall get the best results. If this is not the case, why do crops on those lands in Jefferson county, where the rock is near the surface, prove an entire failure in time of drought? A man from Hinkimer county, told me that on farms where they plowed deepest and plowed in the manure, they could now keep forty cows where only thirty were kept before. They had dug down two feet and put in manure, covering with the same soil they took out; the place could be seen by a large growth of grain. Two years ago, I broke up a piece of rather uncultivated soil. I put on three horses, and plowed it fully nine inches deep, and planted it in corn. It was heavy. Last year I sowed it to oats, and seeded it down. This year, although the drought was very severe, the hay crop was good.

About sixteen years ago, two Englishmen settled on Long Island. They purchased a small piece of land for the purpose of gardening for the New York market. Their land was badly worn out, and something must be done to fertilize it for gardening purposes. As they had not the means for buying and hauling manure, they enriched by digging it all over two feet deep and filling the bottom with small stones. The result was that their garden was more productive than some others where large quantities of manure was applied. This will prove that there is some truth in the words of the poet: "Plow deep while sluggards sleep. You will have corn to sell and keep."

More Stock and Better Stock.

Our farmers, in the revolution of time, should not lose sight of the importance of stock raising, as one of the most important branches of farming, in a financial point, to market the products of the farm as much as possible, through cattle, hogs or sheep; remembering that it pays best to feed good stock. Better have few thoroughbred and grades than scrub stock at any price, and when once established with wood stock, with judicious treatment, a farmer may rely upon a ready demand and good prices, while scrub stock is a drug on the market. Fine stock costs more in the start, but the difference is soon made up in the early maturing, superior quality, and greater size, while it takes the same feed and labor in a short space of time.

Farmers, make the start now; secure good Durham bull, and perhaps one or two heifers, and when you once become acquainted with the merits of the Short Horns, you will wonder why people will continue to raise scrub stock, and you will also be convinced that farmers can't afford to raise scrub stock on farm lands worth from fifty to seventy-five dollars per acre.

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...

Deep and Shallow Plowing.
I suppose it is an unsettled question as to whether deep or shallow plowing is the best. After all the discussions I have seen on the subject have been compared with my own experience, and I am fully convinced that deep plowing is the best; and if most soils, except sandy or gravelly, could have a further addition of subsoiling, the benefit would be still more visible. If underdraining is beneficial, then subsoiling will be; for the nature of the two operations are similar, though one may be preferable to the other. If the soil is naturally deep, the farmer who plows eight or nine inches deep will have much the advantage over the one who plows only four or five inches; the former soil would not become exhausted so quickly, and it would stand much better. If the soil is shallow, then you can improve upon nature, and make it more fertile by gradually plowing deeper.

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Fences.

One of the best evidences of a good farmer is that everywhere upon his premises there are good strong fences. The importance of having and keeping superior fencing is not realized by the mass of the farming community, hence we see the great stretch of poor dilapidated concern that are scarcely able to hold themselves together. Good fences can be made at comparatively small cost in this country, and in the long run are far less expensive than the inferior. Besides the fact that they give a brisk business-like look to the farm, impressing beholders with a sense of the soundness and solvency of the owner, they save an immense amount of trouble and annoyance. A farm that is poorly fenced is always open to the inroads of breamy stock. In fact it is an utter impossibility to keep them out. Growing crops are often seriously injured by invasion of a neighbor's stock, and in nearly every case will give rise to some unpleasantness between the parties. Where a farmer has plenty of good oak and locust timber he can build a fence that will last for years, and turn any stock, for fifty or seventy-five cents a panel. This fence (the post and rail) is, in our opinion the best and cheapest. It is true that its cost seems considerable, but when it is once made it serves for nearly a lifetime. Compare its original cost with that of the common "worm" fence, adding the expense of repairing the latter every few years, and you will observe that the former will pay you in the end.

When a farmer has but a limited capital, and makes very little more than expenses, there is no better way to invest this balance, than in making good fences. A hundred panels each year will soon count up, and soon he will see his farm pointed at with envy, and its value greatly enhanced. It is an evidence of thrift and go-aheadiveness, and, much as the idea is ridiculous, there is nothing that helps so much as presenting a good appearance. The far-seeing farmer has an eye to this. He knows that the credit of a man who shows tumble-down fences and rickety barns, is not very good. It should be clear to the mind of every farmer that the good appearance of his farm will be advantageous to him in more ways than one.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Valuable Receipts.

LEMON CUSTARD PUKE.—Three lemons (grated), one pound of sugar, eight eggs, a piece of butter the size of a walnut; beat the yolks of the eggs and the lemons together; add the juice; stir the butter and sugar together, and mix with the eggs and lemons; beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add just as the pies are ready for the oven. Bake on deep plates, with an under-crust.

TO COOK LIVER.—Soak the liver in salt and water over night, and in the morning slice thin and fry in butter to a moderate crisp, and you will have a nice dish.

COOK RICE.—Put into the oven a pan with rice and the requisite quantity of water or milk, and keep it cooking moderately till done—half an hour perhaps—then turn it, without stirring, into a dish for the table. The rice grains, featherly as snow flakes, will be whole, and the skin which forms over the mass in the commensurate of cooking, and it can be stripped off before turning out the rice, prevents the escape of the delicate aroma of the rice, and you have a fine flavored food, in place of the pasty, insipid result of boiling and stirring.

CARE OF CANARIES.—Occasionally the birds will become ill, and it is necessary to give them a little medicine. If the bird is not strong, give it a small quantity of the following: one-half ounce of isinglass dissolved in one and a half cups of white wine, the juice and rind of one lemon, and three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Simmer till mixed, then strain and set to cool.

VELVET CREAM.—One-half ounce of isinglass dissolved in one and a half cups of white wine, the juice and rind of one lemon, and three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Simmer till mixed, then strain and set to cool.

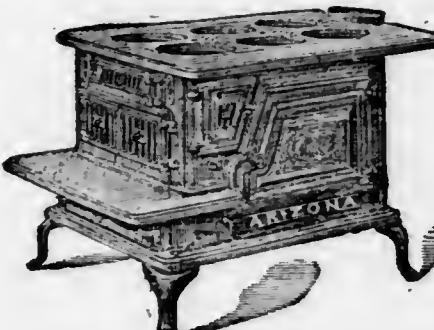
COLD SLAW.—Cut a cabbage in half, and with a sharp knife shave it down very finely. Make a dressing of one egg well beaten, half a gill of vinegar, a teaspoonful of butter and salt, to suit the taste. Beat the egg light, and add to it the vinegar, butter and salt. Heat this until the egg becomes thick, then take it from the fire, and when it becomes cool, pour it over the cabbage, and mix well together. Some add sugar to the dressing.

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GEO. KLEIN.

GEO. KLEIN & BRO.
HARTFORD, KY.



Dealers in housefurnishing goods, for general kitchen and table use. We keep constantly on hand, the celebrated

ARIZONA COOKING STOVE,

Seven sizes for either coal or wood. House-keepers are delighted with its superior cooking and baking. It has no equal anywhere. Call and see for yourself.

New Goods! New Goods!

Just received, a large and complete stock of Fall and Winter goods, consisting of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING BOOTS SHOES, HATS, SHAWLS, BLANKETS, NOTIONS &c.

A complete stock of

LADIES DRESS GOODS

And everything kept in a first-class dry goods house.

GIVE US A CALL.

No trouble to show our goods.

L. ROSENBERG & BRO.

N. B.—Highest market price paid for country produce.

L. J. LYON.

Dealer in Groceries and Confectioneries. HARTFORD, KY.

Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of all kinds of Groceries and Confectioneries, which he will sell low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

I will also pay the highest cash price for hives, sheep pelts, eggs, butter, bacon, potatoes, beans, etc.

Keep constantly on hand a large assortment of all kinds of Groceries and Confectioneries, which he will sell low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of

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